

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM F. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,
Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

VOL. III.—NO. 50

Saturday, December 12, 1874

Single Copies, 5 Cents

THE
SATURDAY GAZETTE,
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR,
BELLEVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERONA.
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POL-
ITICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ES-
PECIALLY OF LOCAL IN-
TERESTS.

All Public and Local questions, in-
cluding political and social, sanitary and re-
formatory, educational and industrial top-
ics, will be clearly presented and fully and
fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it
not only acceptable and interesting to the
general reader, but of special value to citi-
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to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair,
Caldwell, Belleville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns
that is unworthy of cordial welcome to
every family circle.

Settled Clergymen in the county and all
public School Teachers in the county will
receive the paper gratuitously by sending
their address to our office. No postage to
subscribers within the County of Essex.

To ADVERTISERS it should prove a val-
uable medium. Our circulation extends
to every part of Essex county, and con-
siderably elsewhere.

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addressed by mail, to

W. M. P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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Insurance Company,
443 BROAD STREET,
Newark, N. J.

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ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.

S. J. DARLING, President.

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1874

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Aug-18

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May 3-bum

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oct. 8-cm

Manuella
A FAMILY STORY.
(Written for the SATURDAY GAZETTE.)

MUNINGS ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—THE

MYSTERIOUS BOX.—THE REMEMBERED

LETTER.—MANUELLA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Another year with its rolling months is

gliding into the Past. The massive por-
tals swing silently open, and into the gloom

and stillness of the realms within another

portion of life is borne beyond the plead-
ings of recalling voices. The pain, the

pleasure, the toil, the triumph, the hours

of anguish and of joy; these hallowed by

tears and suffering, and those crowned

with a halo of glory—all gone forever into

the shades of that relentless Hades which

gives not back. Oh! never can man live

again the scenes once fled, and vain is it

for him to seek to grasp the treasures of

the irrevocable Past. Only when the

Angel of memory draws aside the veil

from her mirror, can mortals catch a tran-
sitory glimpse of what has been.

Again the Nation's Eucharistic day has

come. The earth for her bountiful

blessings raises sweet anthems of

praise, and the notes of joy float upward

from all grateful hearts to the throne

above the stars.

But as I sit here and muse to night,

my thoughts will not stay with the so-
ber present. They go far back and

nestle among scenes gone by. The long

ago surrounds me with the softly glim-
mering twilight, growing fainter as the

lengthening shadows of the intervening

years, grow deeper.

While I watch the shining stars, born in

the darkness of the daylight's death, their

beams seem to fall upon me as a child once

born in my Father's house. What makes

the old days come back so strangely and

linger with me as they have to-night? It

seemed not to be the late Thanks-
giving but one long silence buried in silence

above which the graces of Time have

grown, swayed by the winds of forgetful-
ness. With eager hands I have pushed

them aside and awakened the dreamy

past. How well I remember that happy

time! We were all gathered in the old

home, sheltered safely under the paternal

wings of love and tenderness. Father al-
ways wanted his children around him on

Thanksgiving Day. Dear Father. He has

gathered his family around him, one by

one, in a lasting home, and I know they

went perhaps on the threshold, for the last

one left below. Will it be long before the

circle is complete again?

Altogether we were. How sweet the

picture! It was the eve of the great feast

day! From the large bow window we

watched the pile sunset above the hills in

the distance, and then drawing our chairs

close around the cheerful grate, we sat and

talked until supper time.

Father and mother in their easy arm

chairs on each side of the fire-place smiled

serenely upon our little group. Mark, my

big brother, so grand in my sight, with

the M.D. after his name; having returned

from the city, was again in his favorite

place by mother's side, while Dave home

from College, was on her other. How

proud she was of her boys, with her wan

d hand stroking their hair. I loosely nestled

against Father's knee, and between, as the

center of our little group—was one whom

we had learned to love, first for Mark's

sake, afterward when we knew her better,

for her own—MANUELLA—our sweet new

sister. We wondered in the beginning,

when we heard of it, and could not under-
stand how Mark could love anyone in the

great city when he practiced his profession,

better than those he had left in his old

home, but at last we too rejoiced that their

souls had found each other.

She was not beautiful. She was small

and slender and had a timid, girlish way

about her. I remember so well how she

looked that night, as the fire-light shone

over her dark hair and pale face. To

Mark, she was the loveliest of all the earth,

I had always been the petted one, the only

girl, and it seemed hard to me that an-

other should now share the love that had

always been mine alone. I think Man-
uella noticed that I shrank from her at

first, and that my welcome was not as

warm as the others, for when she bade us

"good-bye" to go back with Mark to the

city she whispered as she kissed me—"I

will wait awhile for your love, little sister.

I know I shall have it some day."

Only once did I see her after that. The

time came when I went gladly and eagerly

to her. But my joy was turned into sor-
row for it was but to say "good-bye" for

ever on this earth. I told her then how I

loved her with all my heart. Poor Mark!

How true he was to her through all the

years before he rejoined her poor

spirit in ethereal felicity above. I won-

der where that little box lay with pearl,

is that she gave me when we last talked

together. She told me not to open it then,

but to wait until some future day, and

then if I ever felt tired and lonely to read

what within. I had forgotten it, I will

read it now.

What a long letter it is; how yellow

the paper has grown, but it is easy to read.

MANUELLA'S LETTER.

"I have been thinking about you, little

sister, and how much you must miss your

brother. I do not wonder that you cannot

love right away, one who as it seems to

you, has him all to herself, far away from

his old home. You cannot understand

everything yet, but I want you to some

day and so I write this to let you know

more of the one you now call sister, and

to tell you why I married Mark. I was an

only child, not even blessed with brothers

as you have been. While still quite young,

I was sent to boarding school, and after

that was only home during vacations. My

Mother's health was very poor indeed, and

the last year I was at school Papa took her